John Joseph Delaney

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM
NEW YORK

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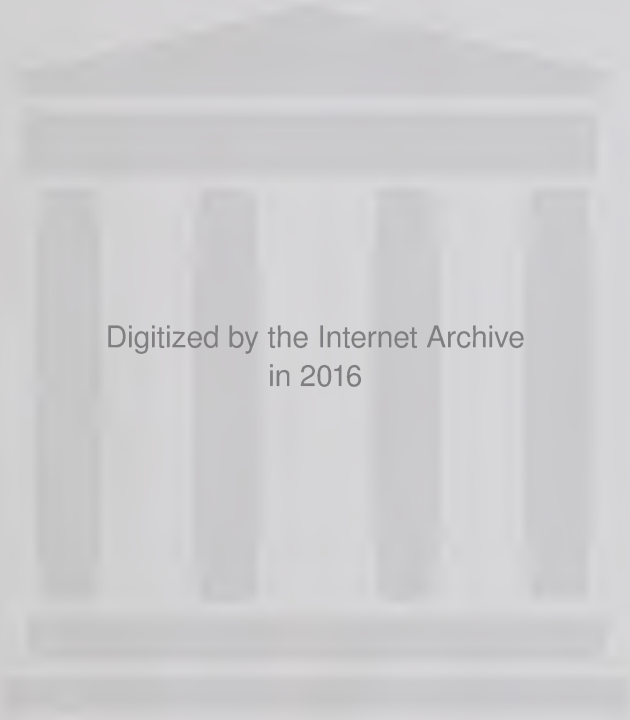
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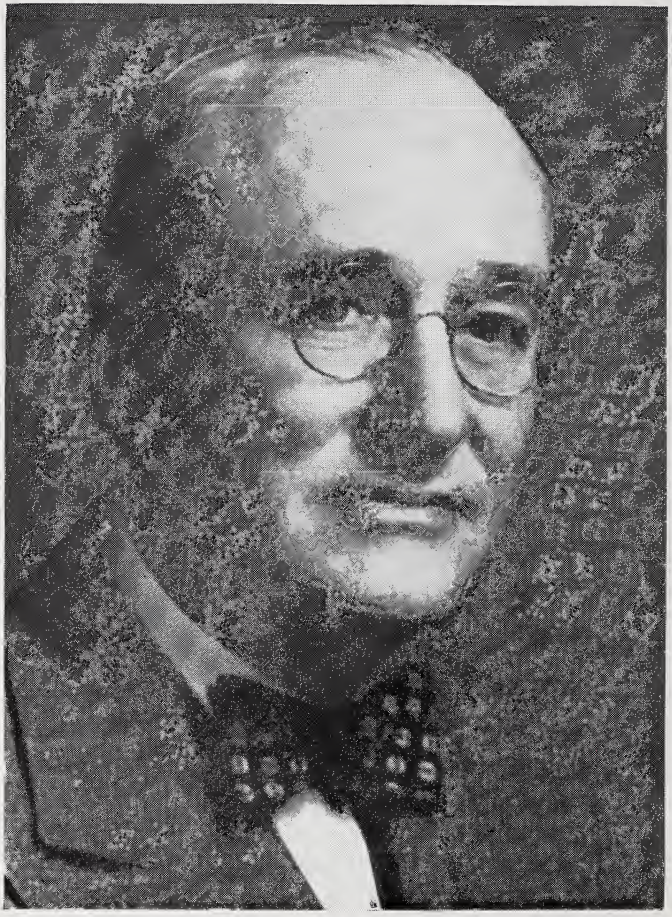

Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

John Joseph Delaney

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM
NEW YORK

Eighty-first Congress
First Session

UNITED STATES
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Contents

	Page
Biography	5
Memorial services in the House:	
Memorial service program	11
Prayer by the Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery	13
Roll of deceased Members, read by Mr. Alney E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House	14
Address by Mrs. Reva Beck Bosone, of Utah	16
Address by Mrs. Frances P. Bolton, of Ohio	21
Benediction by the Chaplain	30
Memorial addresses in the House:	
Mr. Bernard W. (Pat) Kearney, of New York	33
Mr. John J. Rooney, of New York	34
Mr. Adolph J. Sabath, of Illinois	36
Mr. Arthur G. Klein, of New York	39
Mr. Daniel J. Flood, of Pennsylvania	40
Mr. Louis B. Heller, of New York	43
Proceedings in the House:	
Tributes by—	
Mr. Walter A. Lynch, of New York	47
Mr. John W. McCormack, of Massachusetts	48
Mr. Adolph J. Sabath, of Illinois	49
Mr. Thomas A. Jenkins, of Ohio	50
Mr. Daniel A. Reed, of New York	51
Mr. George H. Bender, of Ohio	51
Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas, of California	52
Mr. Jere Cooper, of Tennessee	52
Mr. J. Glenn Beall, of Maryland	52
Mr. John D. Dingell, of Michigan	53
Mr. Sam Rayburn, of Texas	53
Proceedings in the Senate	57

Biography

JOHN JOSEPH DELANEY was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., August 21, 1878; attended St. Ann's Parochial School and St. James' Academy, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Manhattan College, New York City; engaged in the diamond business in 1897; was graduated from the Brooklyn Law School of St. Lawrence University in 1914; admitted to the bar in 1915 and commenced practice in New York City; elected as a Democrat to the Sixty-fifth Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of John J. Fitzgerald and served from March 5, 1918, to March 3, 1919; declined to be a candidate for renomination in 1918; resumed his former business pursuits; delegate to the Democratic State conventions in 1922 and 1924; deputy commissioner of public markets of New York City 1924–31; elected to the Seventy-second and to the eight succeeding Congresses and served from March 4, 1931, until his death; had been reelected to the Eighty-first Congress; died in Brooklyn, N. Y., November 18, 1948; interment in Holy Cross Cemetery.

In the House of Representatives

THURSDAY, *May 12, 1949.*

Mrs. NORTON. Mr. Speaker, by direction of the Committee on House Administration, I offer a privileged resolution (H. Res. 186) providing for holding memorial services on Wednesday, May 25, 1949 (Rept. No. 574), and ask for its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That on Wednesday, the 25th day of May 1949, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on House Administration under the provisions of clause (1) (j) (2) (C) of rule XI of the Rules of the House of Representatives. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave for 60 legislative days to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record on the life, character, and public service of deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings, the Speaker shall call the House to order and then as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Eighty-first Congress
First Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:30 to 12)--United States Army Band

Presiding officer----------The Speaker, Hon. Sam Rayburn

Invocation----------The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

Solo, There Is No Death (O'Hara)----------Mr. Robert C. Nicholson
At the piano------Sgt. Albert Goepper

Scripture reading and prayer----------The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence.

Address----------Hon. Reva Beck Bosone
Representative from the State of Utah

Solo: Requiem (Homer)----------Mr. Robert C. Nicholson
At the piano------Sgt. Albert Goepper

Address----------Hon. Frances P. Bolton
Representative from the State of Ohio

Taps----------Sgt. Charles Barnes

Echo----------Sgt. George Myers

Benediction----------The Chaplain

John Joseph Delaney

Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, *May 25, 1949.*

The SPEAKER of the House of Representatives (Mr. Rayburn) presided.

The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy holy spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy holy name. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Mr. Robert C. Nicholson, accompanied at the piano by Sgt. Albert Goepper sang There Is No Death (O'Hara).

The CHAPLAIN—

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the pres-

ence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil: my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

"As I stand by my cross on the lone mountain's crest,
Looking over the ultimate sea,
In the gloom of the mountain a ship lies at rest,
And one sails away from the lea.
One spreads its white wings on a far-reaching track,
With pennant and sheet flowing free;
One hides in the shadow with sails laid aback—
The ship that is waiting for me!

"But lo! in the distance the clouds break away!
The Gate's glowing portals I see;
And I hear from the outgoing ship in the bay
The song of the sailors in glee.
So I think of the luminous footprints that bore
The comfort o'er dark Galilee;
And wait for the signal to go to the shore,
To the ship that is waiting for me."

Heavenly Father, our minds are arrested as we pause to meditate upon the brevity of this life and the immortality of the human soul. Thy providential care towers above the horizons of human needs, and reveals the ultimate blessing to those who pass this way. Our hearts sing, "God cares."

O Thou who didst bow Thy head upon the cross, comfort the sorrowing ones who linger here. Not in vain do we call upon Thee, for we know that neither death, nor life, nor powers, nor any other creature can separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Alney E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House of Representatives, read the following roll:

JOHN HOLMES OVERTON, a Senator from the State of Louisiana: Born September 17, 1875; lawyer; graduated from the Louisiana

State University at Baton Rouge in 1895 and from Tulane University at New Orleans in 1897; former member of the board of supervisors of Louisiana State University; Member of the House of Representatives, the Seventy-second Congress; elected to the United States Senate in 1932, 1938, and 1944; died May 14, 1948.

HARLAN JOHN BUSHFIELD, a Senator from the State of South Dakota: Born August 6, 1882; lawyer; attended the Dakota Wesleyan University at Mitchell, S. Dak.; graduated from the Minnesota University Law School at Minneapolis in 1904; served as Governor of South Dakota, 1939–42; elected to the United States Senate in 1942; died September 27, 1948.

JOSEPH MELVILLE BROUGHTON, a Senator from the State of North Carolina: Born November 17, 1888; lawyer; attended Hugh Morson Academy, Wake Forest College, and Harvard University Law School; member of the State senate, 1927–29; served on the board of trustees of Wake Forest College and the University of North Carolina; Governor of North Carolina, 1941–45; elected to the United States Senate in 1948; died March 6, 1949.

THOMAS LEONARD OWENS, Seventh Congressional District of Illinois: Born December 21, 1897; lawyer; attended Northwestern University and De Paul University, Chicago, Ill.; graduated from Loyola University Law School, Chicago, Ill., in 1926; served as a private in World War I; Member of the Eightieth Congress; died June 7, 1948.

MILTON HORACE WEST, Fifteenth Congressional District of Texas: Born June 30, 1888; lawyer; attended the West Texas Military Academy, San Antonio, Tex.; served with Company C, Texas Rangers, in 1911 and 1912; district attorney, 1922–25; assistant district attorney, 1927–30; served in the State house of representatives, 1930–33; Member of the Seventy-third to Eightieth Congresses, inclusive; died October 28, 1948.

JOHN JOSEPH DELANEY, Seventh Congressional District of New York: Born August 21, 1878; merchant; lawyer; attended St. James' Academy, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Manhattan College, New York City; graduated from Brooklyn Law School; St. Lawrence University, in 1914; delegate to the Democratic State conventions in 1922 and 1924; deputy commissioner of public markets of New York City, 1924–31; Member of the Sixty-fifth and the Seventy-second to the Eightieth Congresses, inclusive, and Member-elect of the Eighty-first Congress; died November 18, 1948.

SOL BLOOM, Twentieth Congressional District of New York: Born March 9, 1870; music publisher; captain in the New York Naval Reserves in 1917; director of the United States George Washington

Bicentennial Commission; director general of the United States Constitution Sesquicentennial Commission; chairman of Committee on Celebration of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the United States Supreme Court; director and United States Commissioner, New York World's Fair, 1939; Member of the Sixty-eighth to the Eighty-first Congresses, inclusive; died March 7, 1949.

ANDREW LAWRENCE SOMERS, Tenth Congressional District of New York: Born March 21, 1895; manufacturer; attended Manhattan College and New York University in New York City; served in World War I as a hospital apprentice, ensign, and naval aviator; delegate to the Democratic National Convention in 1928; Member of the Sixty-ninth to the Eighty-first Congresses, inclusive; died April 6, 1949.

ROBERT LEWIS COFFEY, JR., Twenty-sixth Congressional District of Pennsylvania: Born October 21, 1918; engineer; soldier; attended the University of Pittsburgh and Penn State College; appointed as a flying cadet in 1939 and during World War II served through successive promotions from second lieutenant to lieutenant colonel; flew 97 combat missions; received numerous citations and decorations, including the Distinguished Flying Cross 8 times, and the Air Medal 27 times; served as military air attaché, United States Embassy, Santiago, Chile, 1945–48; Member of the Eighty-first Congress; died April 20, 1949.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

There followed a period of devotional silence, during which the Members stood.

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentlewoman from Utah [Mrs. Bosone].

Hon. REVA BECK BOSONE, a Representative from the State of Utah, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. REVA BECK BOSONE

Mrs. BOSONE. Mr. Speaker, it is with gratitude that I accept your invitation to participate in today's memorial exercises. I realize the responsibility of fully expressing the spirit of warm friendship and the reverence which the

Members of this distinguished body have for those comrades who have lifted that curtain of mystery and gone on to eternal rest. It is with a spirit of humility that I attempt my assignment.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all—
A song of those who answer not,
However, we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

It's hard to take the burden up
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
But, oh, 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore!
Thanks to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, forever more.

Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

Bright is the morning with glaring light when the sun rises in the east. Brighter still become its rays as the morning grows into noon—the most brilliant part of the day. As afternoon wears on, the heavens shade the brilliance with colors in full bloom—the sunset. Then the twilight gathers in luxuriant hues, evening descends, and darkness puts the world to sleep.

So it is with the life span of man. With great exultation a child is born. A smile is on every face. With each hope

of life's expectancy, dreams are translated into reality. At the noontime of man's life great in luster is his development, varied is his activity, and bright is his future. As life wears on, his colorful contributions envelop him. Twilight slows the pace but sweetens the path—night descends. He who was once a child becomes a man, and in the evening of his life slips away into the night to rest forever.

In the midst of today's turmoil and haste, it is fitting that we pause to pay homage to those Members of Congress who in this past year have answered their last roll call. When those illustrious gentlemen—Senators JOHN HOLMES OVERTON, of Louisiana; HARLAN JOHN BUSHFIELD, of South Dakota; and JOSEPH MELVILLE BROUGHTON, of North Carolina—answered to their names on those heavenly rolls, I am sure it was with a strong voice of conviction, and that they went with a firm step of courage—two qualities so eminent in these distinguished statesmen.

It was with sweet satisfaction that I perused the Records and found sincere appreciation of the attributes of each of the Members of the House when notice came of his passing. Let me pay tribute to them in the words of one of their colleagues:

I know no man who assumed his responsibilities and duties as a Member of Congress more seriously than TOM OWENS. His name will go down in history as one of those rare individuals who made a thorough study of legislation and fought for what he considered to be right and just and in the best interests of the people of our glorious country.

Those who served with MILTON WEST know that he was firm in his convictions and, moreover, that he had the courage to stand by them at all times and under all circumstances. Here was the type of Representative who never deviated from what he considered the fundamental principles of sound government.

JOHN DELANEY was not only a lovable personality but a man of understanding nature; a man with whom anyone could live, without regard to differences of opinion or race or color or creed, because he was possessed of that one spirit, which I think is more important to enable people to live together than anything else—

the spirit of understanding, of respect of one for the other, with an understanding state of mind.

America gave SOL BLOOM his opportunity and America honors him in passing. He was a devoted public servant. He represents the challenge of our civilization.

ANDREW SOMERS was a great student and authority on the Constitution of the United States—its origin and its interpretation. He was perhaps the greatest authority in the House on the world monetary situation. President Roosevelt recognized his knowledge and ability by appointing him a delegate to the International Monetary Conference that was held in London.

It has brought sorrow to the hearts of all of us to see the sudden passing from our midst of so young a man as Col. ROBERT COFFEY—one who had such a brilliant record in the war and who bore such promise of great accomplishment in the field of government and statesmanship.

To these tributes which have already been spoken, those of us here know that we can add one other tribute which is applicable to each and every one of these men. It is this: "As the soldier died in patriotic service, so did he."

Today the eyes of the whole world are centered on the building in which we now sit—the Capitol of the United States. The words that are spoken and the deeds that are consummated here have a deep and abiding effect on men and women all around the globe. Unrequested, our great country through its humanitarian philosophy has assumed world leadership and world responsibility.

That this country now sits on this pinnacle of preeminence is due in no small measure to many of the men who stood during their lifetime in the well of this House.

> Thanks be to God that such have been,
> Although they are no more.

'Tis true—no more they live in their worldly tabernacles—no more do we feel the warmth of their friendly smile, the grip of a strong handshake—the chastisement of our views on legislation, sometimes deserved. But truly we feel the inspiration of what they said—and what they did. Their convictions and their deeds will live forever in the statutes of

this Nation. Their courage and humanity have forged an unbroken chain of friendship among those they met in their service to their country.

> Thanks be to God that such have been,
> Although they are no more.

"No more?" Who can say that? Regardless of a person's religious views or church affiliation, it is difficult to say where this influence leaves off. A word said today, blossoms into a thought tomorrow, and eventually activates a deed. Where is the end? There is none. Kind words and noble deeds go on forever. Their identity is lost, but the identity is not important.

Have you ever sat on the side of a mountain and observed the bigness of the universe? Have you ever stood on a high pinnacle where a panoramic view of God's handiwork overwhelmed you? One's ego vanishes into nothingness upon the sight of God's creation.

There is no end—a beginning of something else—what? Does it matter? If it does, climb to the topmost ridge of the nearest hill and drink in the fresh air and relax in nature's beauty. Fast will come the realization that there is a plan—a beginning, a development—a death—a death that there must be a rebirth. There is no end.

Some trees have shallow roots. They spread widely, but are stumped. Their shadow is large for awhile, but the tree soon topples and is gone.

Other trees send their roots deep into the earth. They reach for the heavens and grow tall. Their shadow is broad and long and remains for hundreds of years.

Some men develop fast and glamorously, but leave without an imprint upon the life of man—their shadow fades.

Other men work slowly but surely for the benefit of their fellowman. Their unselfish and noble thoughts and deeds give them a deep and rich foundation upon which they grow—grow to such a height and with such firm roots that their shadow lasts.

Some had a full day in which to develop; others, like Colonel COFFEY, lived a long life, but a short day.

We have long ceased to count the numerical years of a man's life, his life is calculated only on the scale of achievement, not selfish attainments but contributions to the happiness and security of mankind.

I feel sure that each Member of Congress who has answered the final roll call has shortened his life because he has placed responsibility to his country first. His community and State achievements have been given national expression. The weight of his conscientiousness in his daily work gave him deep roots, a long shadow, and an everlasting influence in the world.

Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

Death is only an old door,
Set in a garden wall;
On gentle hinges it gives, at dusk
When the thrushes call.

There is nothing to trouble any heart;
Nothing to hurt at all.
Death is only a quiet door
In an old wall.

Our beloved colleagues—

Cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
What e'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, for ever more.

Mr. Robert C. Nicholson, accompanied at the piano by Sgt. Albert Goepper, sang Requiem (Homer).

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentlewoman from Ohio [Mrs. Bolton].

Hon. FRANCES P. BOLTON, a Representative from the State of Ohio, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. FRANCES P. BOLTON

Mrs. BOLTON of Ohio. Mr. Speaker, some 15 years ago I was in London on the November day that marks the cease-

fire order of the First World War. We call it Armistice Day, the British call it Remembrance Day, and so observe it.

It was not cold, but there was a mist which now and again became the soft rain with which Londoners are so familiar. Close after dawn the people began to gather at the Cenotaph, that simple monument in the very heart of busiest London to which every cabby unobtrusively tips his hat as he drives by it with a reverence which comes from his heart. There was to be a simple memorial service there in midmorning, read by bishops and archbishops, attended by the King and Queen and all the royal family, and shared by all the great and small who could get near enough to hear, as well as those who just stood quietly beyond the range of sight and hearing.

Many of the battle monuments had been designated as gathering places. We chose the one at Hyde Park corner, where a platoon of the regiment whose dead were honored there stood watch. At a few minutes before 11 a car drove up, several men in the formal morning coats of Members of Parliament got out, and in their turn placed a wreath and took their places beside the monument.

If you knew London in the thirties, you knew the teeming noise of that unbelievably busy corner with its busses, cabs, and cars of every sort, its hawkers of every kind. Then suddenly the bugler sounded the first note of taps, and instantaneously there was silence, hats were off, and we all stood motionless as the poignant call went out, to be taken up in the distance to the north, to the south, to the east, to the west, like echoes in the mist. Tears ran unchecked from the eyes of stalwart men and sad-eyed women as the sound died. Then once again the bugler raised his bugle to his lips—reveille. The English notes vary a little from ours, but there was no mistaking the call.

Deeply moved, I waited until the crowd had gone and I could go quietly up to this bugler and ask some little question which would perhaps draw from him the reason for this second call, as it did. He saluted, tears still in his eyes and

on his cheek. "Yes, lady, we plays them taps and then we plays them reveille to remind us of the Resurrection."

Later in the day we went to Westminster Abbey, outside of which, in the grass plot, miniature cemetery lots had been marked out, each with the name of some regiment, each with rows of tiny crosses made of palm with a red poppy at the crossbar. There were literally thousands of them, and even as we stood there men and women and children came quietly and planted their crosses beside those already there.

And inside the Abbey?

I wish I could paint the picture to you in words you would never forget. We took our places at a side door in the quiet line that had begun its march in the early morning and in a few minutes found ourselves in the great Abbey. Only the chancel was lighted—the boy choir was chanting evensong. A deep red velvet rope outlined the slab under which lies the body of their unknown soldier. Four guards stood at the four corners. Heaped waist high upon the stone were red roses, placed there one by one even as we placed ours as we, too, paid our respects to the unknown dead—a steady stream of men and women from early day to dark—remembering.

Mr. Speaker, we, too, as a Nation have our Memorial Day. We, too, pay homage to our gallant dead who served their country on the battlefields of earth and sky and sea. This we shall do in all the cemeteries of this great land and those beyond the seas when Monday is upon us.

We here of the Congress of this indissoluble Union of great States have our own remembrance day when we come together to honor those who served their country in these halls through years that held both peace and war.

We have gathered here on this lovely spring afternoon in especial remembrance of those men to whom the gateway into the unseen has opened during the past year. Permit me to name them one by one that we may bring them more closely among us at this moment:

Senator JOHN H. OVERTON, Louisiana.

Senator HARLAN J. BUSHFIELD, South Dakota.

Senator J. Melville Broughton, North Carolina.
Representative Thomas L. Owens, Illinois.
Representative Milton H. West, Texas.
Representative John J. Delaney, New York.
Representative Sol Bloom, New York.
Representative Andrew L. Somers, New York.
Representative Robert L. Coffey, Jr., Pennsylvania.

We come to do them honor, these whose span of years is done, with the warmth of their personalities still with us and the echo of their voices still lingering in these halls. We come to commend them to the Almighty and to wish them godspeed on their next adventure.

As is our custom we have invited their families to come among us that they may know we share their loss, that we reach out our hands and hearts to them in their bereavement.

Friends, we welcome you. We hope that there may flow into you the warmth of this fellowship and that it may never grow cold. Especially do I welcome you, for I, too, have sat in those very seats with my sons and have been lifted up on this same tide of understanding. May you take with you from this hour of togetherness a new courage, and a deepened sense of what the years of service given here to our great country by the men you love meant to them and to the land they served. May you know beyond all shadow of doubt that "grief" can be and "should be, like joy, majestic, equable, sedate, confirming, cleansing, raising, making free, strong to consume small troubles, to command great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end"—Aubrey de Vere.

May you have learned ere this that grief is but a selfish thing, that death is one with life even as the river and the sea are one. May you have found that "in the depth of your hopes and desires lies your silent knowledge of the beyond, and like seeds dreaming beneath the snow your heart dreams of spring." May I urge you to "trust the dreams, for in them is hidden the gate to eternity"—Khali Gibran.

"A nation is not a tangible thing, not a building of bricks and mortar that will crash to ruins at the first strong blow." A nation is not its laws, its customs, its behavior, even its history. "It is an echo of the past, a whisper from the future, the whole bound together with the lives, the hopes, and the endeavors of millions of men and women"—Daphne du Maurier. The strength of a nation is the morale, the restraint of its people.

Our America was founded upon a dream and established upon a vision. To the peoples of the world, America stands as a symbol of strength and progress, of enlightened living. Let us remember that, whenever we listen for the echoes of other days, and lift our eyes and try to see over the cusp of tomorrow's dawn.

For 90 and more years these very walls have welcomed the men and women who have taken their turn here under the seals of the States of which the Union is made up, to formulate the laws that should protect the freedom which God in His wisdom permits us to enjoy. Insofar as they have had light they have endeavored to be faithful to their solemn oath to protect the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, both without and within, the Constitution which gave us "a threefold cord that is not quickly broken"—Ecclesiastes 3: 7.

How marvelous that great document—that code under which all of us who are a part of government must function to protect the millions of simple men and women from the domination of other individuals and groups as well as that of government itself. Fluid, with its roots in the fundamental truths of man's very existence, containing within itself the formulas of necessary change.

For close to a century within this Chamber, and the Chamber at the other end of the Capitol, the laws of this great representative Republic have been made. Men have come here from every corner of the land to bring their particular points of view, their special contributions, and lay them upon

this altar. Distances are vast, both in miles and in backgrounds of thought. The clash of sectional thinking has often hurled itself back and forth as the spokesman of each area battled for particular interest. And then again the clear bell will ring from the tower of selfless patriotism and all hearts unite as if they were singing with Langston Hughes:

Let America be America again,
Let it be the dream it used to be.
Let it be the pioneer on the plain
Seeking a home where he himself is free.
Let America be the dream the dreamers dream—
Let it be the great strong land of love
Where never kings connive nor tyrants scheme.
—*The Dream of America, Langston Hughes.*

We sit here again today in this old-fashioned Chamber where contention has flared, where compromise has been accomplished, where legislation has been brought forth. Above us the state seals have been a reminder that we are indeed a union of many different and differing groups. Our hearts are softened by our common loss, while before our inner eye pass these with whom we have shared the burden and the joy of service here. We shall miss them always.

Let us hope that the vibrations of loyalty and service of these many years have penetrated deep into these walls, that they may give back to those who listen the charge to be vigilant, the courage to be strong, lest freedom, the most cherished of all man's privileges, be taken from us.

These walls are saying to us even now:

There was a dream that men could one day speak the thoughts of their own choosing.

There was a hope that men could one day stroll through streets at evening, unafraid.

There was a prayer that each could speak to his own God—in his own church.

That dream, that hope, that prayer became America!

Great strength, youthful heart, vast enterprise, hard work make it so.

Now that same America is the dream, the hope, the prayer of the world.

Our freedom, its dream. Our strength, its hope. Our swift race against time, its prayer.
We must not fail the world now.
We must not fail to share our freedom with it afterwards.
Keep singing, keep working, and fight for America.
—*From The Flag Speaks.*

Yes, this land we love was dreamed into being as all things are, for first must come the stirring of the idea and then the bringing it forth into form. But that is not all—for if it is not seized hold upon and built up stone by stone, arch by arch, spire by spire, it will lie quiet until some other comes and builds it to the skies.

When the dream has been dreamed and vision has brought it into being, men must have the courage to find out its depths and heights, its breadth and all its implications and the endurance to work unceasingly to make it live, to protect it from vandals, to share it with those who have it not.

This they have done in goodly measures, these in whose name we gather here—with those whose footsteps have grown faint with the years. May we add their courage and their longings to our own, for we are a Nation so truly wanting to do right, we Americans; but we still mistake the just wanting for the doing, for the being. Just wanting to be friends with others will not make us so. Much must first be built of trust, of confidence, of mutual respect, before there can be the strong handclasp of understanding.

Just crying aloud: Let there be peace, Oh Lord, peace in our time—will not bring peace. When shall we learn the lesson that if we really would end war, if we would preserve freedom, then must we—

Create great peace—
The peace that demands all of a man,
His love, his life, his veriest self;
Plunge him in the smelting fires of a work that becomes his child;
Coerce him to be himself at all hazards, with the toil and the mating that belong to him:
Compel him to serve—
Give him a hard peace: a peace of discipline and justice—

Kindle him with vision, invite him to joy and adventure;
Set him at work, not to create things,
But to create men,
Yes, himself.
Go search your heart, America—
Turn from machine to man,
Build, while there is yet time, a creative peace—
While there is yet time;
For if you reject great peace,
As surely as vile living brings disease
So surely shall your selfishness bring war.
—*From 1914 and After War and Laughter, by James Oppenheim.*

This same thought so forcefully given by James Oppenheim after the First World War was expressed to me in other language in 1945 by an ensign in our Naval Reserve. He wrote:

Be strong, curious, tenacious in your investigations and thinking on the various matters that come before you. Be critical of anything that tends to regulate our lives—demand facts, not fine words, from those who sell these things. Don't be afraid to let us struggle with our lives, for out of struggle comes strong people.

What wisdom in his words. "Do not be afraid to let us struggle with our lives."

Is it perhaps fear that gives birth to measures that would deprive our youth of struggle, of the compulsion to serve, of the discipline of justice? Is it fear that tempts us to give him something other than a hard peace? Are we afraid to turn loose the creative forces of our people to build the creative peace that Oppenheim has said is the one way to keep from war?

If this is so then let us use these precious moments of togetherness to clasp hands, and hearts, reviewing our faith in the God in whom we have put our trust that His power may strengthen our courage and add to it the wisdom and the carelessness of self that are the essentials of leadership. Let

us reconsecrate ourselves to the preservation of freedom with all its implications of individual responsibility and of selfless recognition of the interdependence of men and of nations. Let us remind ourselves that only as we give shall we possess, that only as we strive shall we attain.

These men who were our colleagues only yesterday—and the many others who preceded them, have left a command to service upon us that we may not set aside. Their valiant souls were here among us so short a time ago, striving to serve America.

We salute you, comrades, and we pledge you our word that we shall not falter in the task of protecting freedom here at home. Nor shall we fail to hold the torch high in the darkness that enshrouds the world, that other peoples far across the sea may take fresh heart and go forward toward the dawn. To do this we do know that we must "put our hand into the hand of God for that shall be to us better than a light and safer than a known way"—King George VI. What lies ahead is uncharted territory, unknown ways, for the world has changed, all things are new and we who must walk here yet a little time must take a fresh hold on courage and on faith. And let us be quite certain that could we but hear these comrades of ours as they speak to us they might well be saying:

You must not weep or grieve for me, but see
My joy that all my earthly chains be broke.
I go to other fields, a fairer land—
  New vistas, wider visions meet my eye,
There will be other labors for my hand,
  And new adventures 'neath that other sky.
No sigh nor tears that dissipate the soul
  Can build a lasting monument on earth
For rather would I see my life-work whole,
  See you convert it to some last worth.

—*A Message, by Roscoe Charles Wilson.*

So we have come together for an hour sharing our sorrow, strengthening our faith, taking fresh courage for the work ahead—their work and ours.

Grant us Thy blessing, Lord.

Unveil oh Thou who are the sustenance of the universe, from whom all doth proceed, to whom all must return. Thou face of the true sun now hidden by a vase of golden light, that we may see the truth and do our whole duty on our long journey to Thy sacred seat.

—*From the Sanskrit.*

Sgt. Charles Barnes, United States Army, sounded taps, the echo being sounded by Sgt. George Myers.

The Chaplain pronounced the following benediction:

Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and evermore. Amen.

Memorial Addresses
on
John Joseph Delaney

Memorial Addresses

Remarks by Representative Kearney

Of New York

Mr. KEARNEY. Mr. Speaker, one of my warmest friends, a Member of this House, has passed away since the recess of the special session.

The death of the Honorable JOHN J. DELANEY, who represented the Seventh District of the State of New York since the Sixty-fifth Congress and the Seventy-second Congress, has saddened his many friends on both sides of the aisle.

Mr. DELANEY for years was active in the civic, religious, and fraternal life of his community and represented with great ability his district in the House of Representatives.

I have been closely associated with JACK DELANEY since I first came to the Congress. I counted him as one of my personal friends. He was a man of great understanding, sympathetic to all who brought their problems to him, and a great humanitarian.

To his widow, his son, and his daughter, I extend my heartfelt sympathy.

Remarks by Representative Rooney

Of New York

Mr. ROONEY. Mr. Speaker, all our hearts were saddened upon the passing last November of our dear friend and distinguished colleague, the Honorable JOHN J. DELANEY, who represented the Seventh Congressional District of New York for many years.

Congressman DELANEY, affectionately known to virtually all of us as JACK, has left behind him a record of which any man may well be proud. Through the many years of my personal friendship and close association with JACK DELANEY, I was happy to learn on countless occasions the warmth of his heart and the gentleness of his spirit. From the very first day I became a Member of this great body he was exceedingly kind and considerate to me. He willingly offered me his good counsel and sound advice on the multitude of problems and intricate legislation procedure with which I became confronted. As a new Member, I greatly profited by his sane advice and friendly counsel and have always profoundly appreciated his kindness in extending to me the benefit of his wisdom and experience gained from many years of devoted and valued service in the Congress of the United States.

It was my great misfortune to be totally physically incapacitated and confined to the Naval Medical Center at Bethesda, Md., when my beloved friend and colleague passed away. I was quite ill at the time and overcome with a feeling of despair and frustration when I realized that it was impossible for me to pay my last respects in person to my friend whose memory will always linger with me throughout the remaining days of my journey through life.

JACK DELANEY loved life and good fellowship. Due to his ready Irish wit and congenial manner it was only natural

that he had many close and loving friends. It is indeed a great personal satisfaction to me to feel that I was included in that category.

In his long and distinguished career JACK DELANEY served 10 terms of faithful service in the House and only 2 weeks prior to his death had been reelected to serve in this Eighty-first Congress. The substantial majority he received from the people of his district clearly demonstrated the confidence and respect they had for a man who had given so much of his time and unselfish efforts in furtherance of their needs and welfare. The Borough of Brooklyn, the State of New York, and the entire Nation have lost in the death of Representative DELANEY a great statesman, a loyal American, and a true Christian gentleman.

Mr. Speaker, in conclusion, may I say that JACK DELANEY was a good husband, a devoted father, and a warm and loyal friend. He has left to his fine family the heritage of a good name and the achievements of a career upon which the people of the State of New York and the country can look with pride. May Almighty God in his wisdom and mercy grant him the peace and rest which he has so richly earned. May his faithful and loving wife, his fine son, and his lovely daughter be consoled by the fact that "Pop's" life was dedicated to serving his fellowman. Because of his sincerity of purpose and greatness of character he enriched the lives of all who were fortunate enough to be touched by his fine and ennobling influence. May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed rest in peace.

Remarks by Representative Sabath

Of Illinois

Mr. SABATH. Mr. Speaker, the passing of Mr. DELANEY at the ripe age of 70 ends a life of great usefulness to the Nation, the State of New York, and his enlightened constituency. The most productive and salutary part of his life was devoted to the public service, in which he rose to monumental stature in an era of great and intelligent men.

If I mistake not, when our friend first came here in 1917 he was junior in years and Uncle Joe Cannon was senior in years. But he learned the difficult science of sound government rapidly and accurately.

In the sorrow of our parting, when the activity of his human life has ceased, and when our hearts and minds endeavor to fill the void that his going has left in our lives, we can best realize his worth, the need of him each individual soul amongst us had, and his value to the House of Representatives and orderly government of which he was so able a defender and whose principle he so luminously expounded.

I had the pleasure and satisfaction of serving with our honored dead during all his term. When he returned to Congress he became a very useful member of the Committee on Naval Affairs because of the special interest of his district in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He served a good novitiate with that committee and then graduated to the important Committee on Rules, where I found him to be a consistently wise, conservative, dependable counselor in dealing with the multifarious and gigantic problems committed to that committee, especially during the war. Mr. DELANEY was in no sense provincial, but always viewed impending legislation from the viewpoint of how it would affect our whole Nation. Urbacity was a complete stranger to his character. His every thought

was to advance the interests of the United States; and he possessed a keen, analytical mind.

Only in what a man does, in what he continues to do, and persists in doing, can he show character; and in this sense never was there a firmer, more consistent man than Mr. DELANEY. He was one of deep convictions; he feared nothing but God and the possibility of making a serious mistake.

His simplicity of character, so at war with pretense and affectation of all kinds, was supported by a reserve mental power which, when occasion called it forth, was a surprise to those who knew him but slightly. Indeed, the aim of his intellectual life in its entirety was to be rather than to seem. In short, he was genuine to the core.

The life and work of Mr. DELANEY are his best panegyric.

Today we find welcome consolation in the thought that our distinguished former colleague, though dead, is not entirely lost to us. We are taught by the spontaneous tribute paid on every side to his civic and governmental usefulness that the American people still gratefully dwell upon disinterested service for the public weal, and that patriotic impulses and high ideals still have an abiding place in the affections of the American people.

If we may hope that the teaching and example of our beloved dead have been endued by death with new potency, as forces creating better and purer citizenship, and with graver import as instrumentalities in the development and stimulation of patriotic ideals, and if we may hope that our countrymen will with sincerity heed the way of civic and political duty they point out, we may not only be doubly sure that our dead is not lost to us, but may with confidence renew our faith in the American people as custodians of their scheme of free government.

Some men, when they die after busy, toilsome, successful lives, leave a great stock of scrip and securities, of acres, or factories, or the good will of great undertakings. Mr.

DELANEY banked his treasure in the hearts of his friends, and they will cherish his memory till their time is come.

It is my pleasure to know our deceased's gracious wife, his son and daughter, to whom our sincere compassion goes unremittingly. May they find comfort in the great and good work their husband and father left as a priceless legacy.

Here today, amid memories so sacred and so sad, no discordant notes will rise in connection with him who is passed into the serenity of that cloudless life, wherein dwells eternal peace for all who receive the approval of the Divine Beneficence.

In conclusion let us sincerely believe that so long as men of Mr. DELANEY'S character and ability serve the Nation venality will never come nigh or menace us. Let us confidently realize that so long as public servants of his character and ability are in control, this great Republic will not be conquered and will not fail, and its renown, triumphing over every ordeal, will long shine among men.

Remarks by Representative Klein

Of New York

Mr. KLEIN. Mr. Speaker, there is no sadder duty and privilege than that of attempting to put into barren words the emotion of loss and sorrow occasioned by the passing of one of our beloved colleagues. The task is particularly difficult when we are called upon to pronounce a threnody for a man so alive with personal affection and lovable characteristics as JOHN J. DELANEY.

JACK DELANEY'S ready wit, his zest for living, his personal exemplification of the virtues of his faith, all endeared him to everyone who came under the benign influence of his personality.

In his capacity as a member of the Committee on Rules he faithfully served his chairman, his President, his party, and his congressional district. He was a tower of strength to the administration in the crucial legislative struggles for progressive lawmaking and was always able to ease tension with a quip.

Among the endearing traits of this departed colleague was his kindness to new Members of the House and especially to the new Members of the New York delegation. He was always ready with pungent advice and wise counsel in any situation, and his guidance was leavened by his salty humor and earthy kindness.

JACK DELANEY is going to be missed most sorely.

A token of the universal affection felt for this great gentleman is the overwhelming vote by which he had most recently been chosen as the Representative of the Seventh Congressional District; his sad and untimely death occurred before he could take his seat in the Eighty-first Congress.

JOHN J. DELANEY will not soon be forgotten, Mr. Speaker; his spirit will linger with us while our memory lasts.

Remarks by Representative Flood

Of Pennsylvania

Mr. FLOOD. Mr. Speaker—

> Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
> Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

I cannot permit this opportunity to pass without expressing my very great admiration and esteem for our late genial colleague, the Honorable JOHN J. DELANEY, and paying a brief but heartfelt tribute to the singularly distinguished and splendid service which he rendered his enlightened constituency and the country during the 20 years, years which were freighted with such deep consequence to Christian civilization, he graced this assembly.

Indeed, it was a great privilege for me to serve with him in the Halls of Congress, especially on the same committee, where I came to know him quite well. Then being only a novice here, Mr. DELANEY, with a heart so kindly and a sympathy so comprehensive as to gain and retain the friendship of men of all creeds and all parties, frequently counseled me in connection with important pending legislation. He unstintedly and unremittingly gave me, as he no doubt gave others, the advantage of his broad, penetrating, and successful experience as a national legislator. Possessed of a massive common sense and sagacious comprehension, they made his counsel invaluable whether in political broils or private embarrassment. His long experience on the Committee on Naval Affairs and the Committee on Rules gave a deeper insight into and understanding of legislation than is gained by membership on some other committees. Whatever of importance that attracted him he could expound with singular lucidity and embellish; and he never allowed himself to become entangled in the briars of petty details.

Mr. DELANEY will not be remembered as one who rent this Chamber with windy opposition or fervent advocacy; because he reserved his ripe talents mostly for committee work; and he did not in committee unnecessarily expound his own views, but always sought enlightenment by his relatively few and simple questions of witnesses. In short, whether on this floor or in committee, he did not tire anybody by prolixity, pedantry, the oleaginous, or an air of pontifical certitude.

The eminent deceased, as he marched with dauntless tread and indefatigable zeal for the public weal, was of the main pillars of hope in a distraught world and is an element of comfort when one looks back along the lengthening, fading track of life. Indeed, he was a pattern to be encouraged and multiplied. The only guides he knew were disinterested patriotism and inflexible integrity.

Our friend is gone and gone when sorely needed; but his enviable record, which is a good model for anybody, remains as a priceless legacy for family and kinsmen and a lively inspiration and hope for his myriad friends.

The physique and constitution of our deceased colleague seemed to be capable of supporting indefinitely every form of mental and physical exertion, but when that broke the end was relatively swift. Between the setting of the sun and the night there was only a relatively brief twilight. It was better so. Prolonged ill health and deprivation of all the activities upon which his useful life was built would have pressed very hard upon him.

It is, of course, a great inspiration to youth who hope to get a better handhold on the better things of life to learn in the career of Mr. DELANEY, as from other figures who have served in this honorable body but are no more of this world, that there is no bar of class, privilege, or riches in our great country, which is humanity's greatest hope, to prevent the full fruition of outstanding capacity.

In conclusion it is enough to say that our deceased colleague stands in the ranks of the select relatively few who, in the words of Keats—

> "Tower in the van
> Of all the congregated world."

Remarks by Representative Heller

Of New York

Mr. HELLER. Mr. Speaker, it is my privilege to pay a tribute of honor to my distinguished predecessor in Congress. The Honorable JOHN J. DELANEY was a Member of this body in whose place in this House it is an honor to stand, but whose place in the hearts of the Members of this House and the folks of his home city, Brooklyn, N. Y., no one can take.

JOHN DELANEY was a genial man, who loved his fellowmen, and his sincere interest in them evoked a similar response on their part. It is an old allegory that life is like a mirror, and society returns to us the faces we make before it. When JOHN DELANEY looked at his fellowmen it was with a countenance so full of warmth and wit that people returned his glance with affection and respect. For 10 successive terms he was returned to the House by his constituency; and though on the last occasion he was too ill for active campaigning, his constituency rolled up a great vote for him just the same.

Citizens had come to know that JOHN DELANEY was a liberal and that his sympathies were not with the powerful and opulent, but with the under dog. They trusted his character. They knew that he always dealt fairly, and that he was loyal to his friends.

His citizens knew, too, that he could be counted on to be present in the House when any vote was called for, and would vote his convictions. His voting record was an enviable one. In the early days of the war, the record shows that his every vote was on the side of a strong and patriotic defense, and that subsequently the vote could be counted upon in the interests of humanity whether here or in the stricken nations abroad. There was never any wavering in his consistently liberal attitude.

JOHN DELANEY was a deeply religious man, walking humbly with his God and loyal to the worship and institutions of his church. He gave much personal effort to the promotion of religious causes.

Though his career was a characteristically American "success story," and he arose from simple beginnings to a place in the exalted councils of the Nation, JOHN DELANEY was always modest and humble and unpretentious. It would seem that he looked for the higher approval described in a poem which he loved:

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

FRIDAY, *December 31, 1948.*

Mr. LYNCH. Mr. Speaker, since the House recessed at the special session we in New York have lost a very distinguished Member of our congressional delegation in the death of the Honorable JOHN J. DELANEY.

Mr. DELANEY represented his district in Brooklyn in this House for many years. He first came to Washington in the Sixty-fifth Congress, and later in the Seventy-second Congress, and remained here until his death, shortly after he had been elected to the Eighty-first Congress, which will shortly convene.

JOHN DELANEY was one of the most beloved citizens of Brooklyn. For years he had been active in the fraternal and civic affairs of his native borough and had served the city of New York as one of its deputy commissioners in one of its very important departments.

He came here as a young man and devoted himself to the service of his country and to the legislation in this House. He was made a member of the Rules Committee of the House, where he served with distinction for many years.

I am sure we are all regretful of his passing, which came shortly after he had been reelected. Although during the last campaign he had been unable to go out and speak for himself because of his illness, nevertheless, his friends were legion, and they returned him to this House.

To his wife and son and daughter I extend my deepest sympathy.

Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that any Member who may desire to do so may extend his remarks in the Record at this point.

The SPEAKER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

There was no objection.

Mr. LYNCH. I yield to the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. McCormack].

Mr. McCORMACK. Mr. Speaker, the death of our late colleague and dear friend, JOHN DELANEY, is a personal loss to me and a great loss to the House of Representatives. During our years of service, while I have become very close to many Members, and I think enjoy the friendship of most Members with whom I have served, there is none who occupied a closer or more friendly relationship than the late beloved JOHN DELANEY. He had a long and honorable service, not only in this body but in other public offices in the great State of New York.

JOHN DELANEY was not only a lovable personality, but a man of understanding nature; a man with whom anyone could live, without regard to differences of opinion or race or color or creed, because he was possessed of that one spirit which I think is more important to enable people to live together than anything else—the spirit of understanding, of respect of one for the other, with an understanding state of mind.

JOHN DELANEY was a man of intense faith, a man of equally intense loyalties; and when in the journey of life you and I find a person of intense faith and intense loyalty, we find one of God's noblemen.

My career in this body has been a rather interesting and checkered one. I served for 10 years on the Committee on Ways and Means and for 6½ years as majority leader. In the last 2 years I was a member of the Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments. That was the first time in my 20 years' service in this body with JOHN DELANEY that he and I were on the same committee. He was a tireless worker, not one who spoke excessively, but one who wielded a powerful influence in this body and in its committees, be-

cause of the respect we all had for him, and the last 2 years in committee work with JOHN DELANEY were most pleasant to me.

The House has lost one of its most humble Members, a man of great simplicity, but one of its most influential Members because of the persuasion he wielded in his quiet way, because of the noble things of which he was symbolic, and because of our response to his great endowments.

To his widow I extend my deepest sympathy, and I know that all of my colleagues join me in expressing to her their deepest sympathy in their great loss and sorrow.

Mr. LYNCH. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Sabath].

Mr. SABATH. Mr. Speaker, when JOHN DELANEY was a member of the Rules Committee I leaned on him with confidence for many years. He was able, conscientious, loyal, patriotic, well schooled in the principles of sound government and their application. He endeavored at all times to beneficially serve not only his great State and district but all the people of the United States. He was in no sense or degree provincial. He showed extraordinary interest in the cause of labor and legislation in the interest of the masses. Frequently, he was the only man on whom I could consistently rely to help me in my endeavors in the Rules Committee to effect the mandates of the people and our party program. He could always be found on the side of the common people and trying to reflect in legislation the wishes of those who elected him.

I knew this lovable dead for many years. I saw him grow in stature as a statesman from the time he served first as a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs. He patiently and assiduously served an adequate novitiate before he became an influential member of the great Committee on Rules. I admired his unflinching courage to stand, after thorough and thoughtful consideration, for what he believed was right and for the best interest of the whole country.

I know his splendid family, consisting of wife, daughter, and son, to whom he has left an enviable record as good citizen, wise legislator, and humanitarian. May they in this sore and dark hour be comforted by the Giver of all good. His passing has left a void that will be hard to fill, because few men have the opportunity that was his, and which he embraced with enthusiasm, to acquire so much useful and practical information to help make this a better world for men and women of good will.

Although a lawyer by profession, our friend concentrated all efforts on his congressional duties. He was seldom absent when a roll call came on important measures and never unnecessarily absent. Indeed he represented his district with honor and distinction many years; and he has left a real imprint upon the major activities of National Government in the difficult era in which he served with perfect fidelity and selflessness.

His services will be gratefully remembered by many who are his beneficiaries; and I hope members of his family will extract from this useful life a sustaining love and remembrance that may soften this severe blow that must at this time seem irreparable. The gratitude of myriads will live long in connection with our deceased colleague. His earthly work is finished; but his influence for good is imperishable.

In thinking of our departed friend let us remember our obligation to make safe and secure the government of the people which has been committed to our keeping. Let us remember that it can thrive and grow only in a spirit of popular attachment and unselfish devotion; and, above all, let us remember the lessons and admonitions that flow from the useful life which we today memorialize.

Mr. LYNCH. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Jenkins].

Mr. JENKINS. Mr. Speaker, when I listen to these eulogies year after year, I like to think in what respect a certain

individual was particularly outstanding. I knew JACK DELANEY well, although he came from a great metropolitan district and I come from a rural district, and although he was a Democrat and I a Republican we were very warm friends.

We lived at the same hotel and I knew him well. His character was above reproach. But he was distinctive in that he was preeminent in his unfailing courtesy. He was always a gentleman. He was warm and cordial and always courteous. I shall miss him and I extend to his widow my most profound sympathy.

Mr. LYNCH. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Reed].

Mr. REED of New York. Mr. Speaker, when I first came to Congress I met JOHN DELANEY and I found him to be most interesting, affable, and very helpful, even though he was a Member on the other side of the House. We were very good friends. We often dined together and talked things over. He was particularly interested in legislation that would take care of Members of Congress in their old age or on their retirement.

I looked upon Mr. DELANEY as a great citizen, a man who rendered a splendid public service to his Nation, to his city, and to his State. I regret his passing. I consider it a personal loss, and I extend to Mrs. Delaney and his family my heartfelt sympathy.

Mr. LYNCH. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Bender].

Mr. BENDER. Mr. Speaker, JOHN DELANEY was a fine, Christian gentleman. He was a member of the opposite party, but as a neighbor in the House Office Building and having served on the same committee with me, and living in the same hotel, I knew Mr. DELANEY as a fine Christian gentleman and mourn his loss.

Mr. LYNCH. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentlewoman from California [Mrs. Douglas].

Mrs. DOUGLAS. Mr. Speaker, may I take this opportunity to pay my respects to JOHN DELANEY. He was progressive, far-sighted, and generous. Mr. DELANEY was one of the first Members to welcome me to this great body, because we both came from Brooklyn.

It was with regret that I noted his passing, which is a great loss, not only to this body but to the Nation as a whole.

Mr. LYNCH. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Tennessee [Mr. Cooper].

Mr. COOPER. Mr. Speaker, I could not fail to embrace this opportunity to raise my voice in very brief but sincere tribute to the life, character, and public service of our friend and colleague, JOHN J. DELANEY, of New York. It was my privilege to cherish a very warm and close friendship with him throughout the period of our services.

He was a man of unusual ability and great devotion to the public service. His heart beat in tune with the interest and welfare of the masses of our people. He was always extremely courteous and considerate of all of those with whom he came in contact. I am sure that we all feel a great loss now that he has passed away. We realize that his district, his city, and the Nation have lost an outstanding public servant.

We extend our deepest sympathies to his bereaved family.

Mr. LYNCH. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Maryland [Mr. Beall].

Mr. BEALL. Mr. Speaker, in the passing of JOHN DELANEY I have lost one of my best personal friends. Since first I came to Congress, Mr. DELANEY was very kind and very generous to me. We spent many happy hours together. Our association was very close, and I join with the other Members in expressing my deepest sympathy to his family. His passing is not only a very definite loss to his own district but to the country. He was a humanitarian, a man of great

understanding, and I sincerely sympathize with his family at this time.

Mr. LYNCH. I yield to the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. Dingell].

Mr. DINGELL. Mr. Speaker, I want to pay my heartfelt tribute to my good friend, JOHN J. DELANEY, of New York, and to say, in his memory, that he has rendered a great service, not only to his people but to the entire Nation. I can ask but one thing of the Lord, and that is that He rest his worthy soul.

Mr. LYNCH. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Texas [Mr. Rayburn].

Mr. RAYBURN. Mr. Speaker, JOHN DELANEY was one of the most kindly men it has been my privilege to know. He was honest, courageous, and able. He had in him those fine qualities out of which good and true men are made. God bless his family.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolution (H. Res. 724):

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JOHN J. DELANEY, a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. HALLECK. Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect to the deceased Member, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to.

Whereupon (at 1 o'clock and 20 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned sine die.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

FRIDAY, *December 31, 1948.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Swanson, one of its reading clerks, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. JOHN J. DELANEY, late a Representative from the State of New York, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

Mr. WHERRY. Mr. President, in behalf of the junior Senator from New York [Mr. Ives], I sent to the desk a resolution, and ask that it be read and immediately considered.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolution will be read.

The resolution (S. Res. 282) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JOHN J. DELANEY, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. WHITE. Mr. President, I now move that the Senate adjourn sine die, and as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative.

The motion was agreed to; and (at 1 o'clock and 28 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned sine die.

Date Due

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